



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



THE WOMEN OF SCHORNDORF.—FROM THE ORIGINAL OF HÄBERLIN.

Theresa's face, and then a dawning light, and finally radiant joy.

"Have I been in love with you all this time, Will Brayton? Is that what has been the matter?" she cried, oversetting the pan of peas to the great satisfaction of a speckled hen and her brood.

Yes, it seemed that was it. And it seemed Clara had always known it. And Aunt Cornelia, too.

So, in another year, Willie and Theresa were married, and went to live in a little suburban cottage, overrun with honeysuckle, and there they are to this day.

—Frances Lee.

THE WOMEN OF SCHORNDORF.

IN the southwestern portion of Germany is the village of Schorndorf. Although now little more than a mere postal station, it was formerly one of the strongest fortified towns of Northern Swabia, and the pride of the beautiful valley of the Rems.

After the treaty of Westphalia, when the bishoprics of Metz, Tul and Verdün were ceded to France, the idea entered into the French mind to search carefully through the public records for the names of all towns and cities which during any former period had been the property of either of the three bishoprics, and to demand them from Germany as a portion of the rightful spoils. Although this preposterous demand failed to be presented in its original shape, it led to a series of aggressions which finally culminated in that devastation of the Pals in 1688 and 1689 by the French armies under the direction of Montclas and Melac.

Mannheim, Rastatt, Baden, Heidelberg and many other places were already in ruins, and the French forces were rapidly advancing toward the boundaries of Swabia, their thirst for robbery and destruction increasing with every step.

The government of Würtemberg, in the hope of saving Stuttgart, delivered all the towns of Northern Swabia into the enemy's hands, and the only fortification which had not been destroyed by the French

troops was that of Schorndorf, to which the people looked as to a last hope.

The French commander sat confidently in his camp at Esslingen, laying plans for his winter quarters in Würtemberg. The royal commissioners had already left Stuttgart to give orders to Schorndorf to fling open its gates to the invading host, and the French gave little heed to this last stronghold of the Würtemberg government, so sure were they of its speedy surrender. But exactly at this point was the invading army to meet its check; for within the walls of Schorndorf was a determined man, and what was still more important, a determined woman!

The man was the commander of the fortifications, Peter Krummhaar. Although he had received the royal command to make a slight show of resistance and then surrender the city, he refused to obey.

At length a special messenger appeared from Stuttgart, stating that the French commander had given orders to burn the royal residence and take immediate possession of the city, unless Schorndorf complied with the demands made upon it. But, in spite of all demands and orders, Krummhaar remained firm. He had strengthened his forces by drawing in large numbers of patriotic villagers from the surrounding country, and was determined to hold out until the imperial army arrived. But treachery and cowardice were so rampant in the highest places, that Krummhaar found his strength growing less and less. At length he summoned a meeting in the town hall of all the officials and leading men, to consult upon the possibility of a continued defense.

Frau Kunkelin, the wife of the mayor of the city, was a tall woman of about fifty years, whose word was law with all the women in Schorndorf. Of a firm, upright character, she had made herself universally beloved and respected. Her patriotism was of that kind which allows nothing to stand in its path, but sacrifices everything to the beloved country. She suspected that the voice of the city fathers would be for surrender, and secretly following them to the

council-hall, she hid herself to listen. As she had feared, the patriotic determination of Peter Krummhaar was overruled, and the city doomed to fall like its sisters.

Frau Kunkelin rushed wildly from the hall. Sending messengers through the town, she summoned all the women to assemble before her, armed with whatever they could lay hands on. "We have not laid up riches for these rascally Frenchmen to live and grow fat on," said she, "and Stuttgart will see that Schorndorf will not be humbled in the dust, like Tübingen and Asberg."

An army of women was soon assembled. Armed with every conceivable weapon from a broomstick to a sword, they presented a very strange appearance. Then, with Frau Kunkelin at their head, they marched to the town-hall, and burst in upon the solemn conclave of their husbands. Frau Kunkelin advancing toward the astonished city fathers, made them a speech, in which she called upon them to protect their homes, closing with these words, addressed to her husband himself: "I will kill you with my own hand if you act the part of a traitor."

After announcing their intentions, the women proceeded to take possession of the town-hall, and, organizing themselves into companies, held strict guard over the gates of the city. For two days and three nights the town remained in the hands of the women, the city fathers, "on pain of death," being compelled to obey their commands. Meanwhile, Peter Krummhaar was assisting the women in every way. Every moment was a step toward salvation, for the imperial army was rapidly approaching. The moral effect, too, of this patriotic uprising of the women was immense, and the whole country, which had been cowed down with abject terror, rose with one accord to save the Fatherland.

The heroine of Schorndorf, Frau Kunkelin, lived many years after the uprising of the women took place, and, it is said, related the history to a goodly number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.